

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

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TERMS.

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A Noble Deed Rewarded.

During Price's raid into Missouri, in 1864, a skirmish took place on the line of Chariton and Howard Counties, in which one of the rebels was left on the ground dangerously wounded in the neck. While in this condition, Miss Sarah J. Smith, a school teacher in the vicinity, happened to pass by. Seeing the wounded man, she went to him and staunch his wounds, probably saving his life. She remained with him until near night-fall, when he requested her to leave as his companions would come at night and take him away. If not she would find him there living or dead. He said he was known by the name of Tucker, but that his real name was H. C. McDonald, and that he was from Louisville, Kentucky. Next morning McDonald was gone, and Miss Smith knew nothing concerning him afterward. A few days ago, the Glasgow (Mo.) Times says Miss Smith (who still resides in the neighborhood) received a letter from the administrator of H. C. McDonald, sr., informing her that she was named in the will of the deceased as the legatee of \$50,000, in consideration of her having saved the life of his nephew and only heir, the H. C. McDonald named in connection with the incident of 1864.

Squirming and Dodging.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times says, in alluding to the question of paying the bonds in greenbacks: "But such a squirming and dodging as there is upon this financial question, in the Radical ranks to-day, threatens to seriously jeopardize the very existence of that party. The warning ghost will not down at the bidding of any paid pressers or politicians, but will keep shaking its gory locks at the frightened poor devils who are candidates for re-election, in the most terribly alarming manner. A leading Republican from New Jersey informs me that three-fifths of his party in that State are in favor of Pendleton's platform; and so it goes all over."

The Holly Springs, Mississippi, Reporter, says that many of the largest planters are anxious to divide their lands and sell to small farmers, on favorable terms, both as to credit and price, not caring whence they come, so they are sober, industrious and know how to raise crops.

The wildest piece of table talk was surely that of the man whom a lady complained of her upholsterer for not having come for a table that needed repair. "Madame, he is an un-com-for-table person."

It has been openly asserted by certain rabid Radicals in Washington that they have accomplished their desires in regard to Gen. Grant—killed him off as an available candidate.

A True Story.

HOW A CONVICT OBTAINED PARDON

BY WILLIAM M. BUSHNELL.

"Will you never give up those trips, Terrence? It is so lonely staying here nights, and, beside, I am fearful that some one will break in and rob the house and murder us all. I never say my prayers and go to bed without trembling for my own life and that of my children," and the little woman hung upon the arm of the strong man, begging him with tearful eyes to give up his wandering life (that of peddler) and settle down.

"As soon as I have gathered enough together to buy me a bit of ground, or what would be better still, to emigrate to America, that land where, as the song says, 'there's bread and work for all,' and the bright sun is always shining, I'll gladly give up carrying the pack, for it is no easy task at best."

"Only think of the money you have now in the house, husband dear! Surely there is enough to take us across the sea—you and I and the children, and Bridget, too, if she likes to go."

Bridget was the servant girl who helped the wife of the peddler, and was her sole companion when he was away, and her eyes snapped with perfect delight when she heard the proposition. But she said nothing and the "master" continued: "It is true for you, Kathleen, that I have the matter of an hundred pounds or so which I shall leave for you to take care of, and if I have good luck this trip I promise you to either remain at home or go to America, bless her. It's a good friend she has been to Ireland, and many's the poor soul she has kept from starving. So take good care of the gold and the children, Kathleen—you and Bridget—until I come back," and he kissed his wife and bright-eyed, curly headed babies, gave Bridget the good-bye, shouldered his pack and strode stoutly away, whistling merrily.

His heart was light, his form strong, he had none of the fears of his wife and was looking forward joyfully to the time when he would have a little home, "a pig, a cow and a patch of prairie," that would belong to himself alone, and over which no hard-hearted steward or non-resident landlord could claim control, although he would willingly pay his tithes to the church.

Terrence O'Brien was a peddler by profession, and what was called a "forehanded" man. His family consisted of a good wife, two children, a boy scarcely three years, a babe, and the girl of all work—Bridget. At the start of his married life he had rented a little cottage that stood in a lonely, out of the way place; although he had increased his stores, he had retained possession of it on the score of economy.

A brave, athletic man, and one who feared nothing human, he could not understand the terrors of his wife, Kathleen—in fact, gave them little thought. Beside robbery was a thing almost unknown among the peasantry, and who would ever dream of his having a large amount of money in his cabin? But it was not his custom to do so. Usually he deposited it in a secure place. So he gave the matter no farther thought than to promise himself that this should be his last journey (if he should do as well as he anticipated,) and tugged around, flattering the rosy-cheeked girls into purchasing finery, with which to dazzle the eyes of their beaux at the next fair.

With Kathleen, however, it was far different. As the night began to draw near and the wind to creep round the corners of the cabin and down the chimney with

a mournful sound, she bethought herself of the sovereigns her husband had left, and taking the bag in which they were left from the cupboard over the fire-place, she carefully tucked it between the beds, remarking at the same time, to Bridget, "that no one would ever think of looking for it there."

"No," was the reply; "It would be a smart man, sure, that would be lookin' under the children to find gold."

The tea over, for they were early sleepers as well as early risers, the girl requested that she might be allowed to pass the evening with her sister who resided about a mile distant, and the anxious wife and mother, although loth to do so, at length consented, insisting upon an early return.

"But you will be back early, Bridget?"

"Av coorse I will that same.—But don't be after frettin'." And the girl departed.

The lone woman busied herself as best she could until a late hour, but the girl did not return. In a fever of anxiety, she watched until fully another sixty minutes had passed, although it appeared to her like a half a day; and then considering it useless to remain up longer, sought her own pillow, after commending herself to Him who is the protector of the widow and the father of the fatherless. But she had not closed her eyes before there was a loud rap on the door.

"Is that you, Bridget?" she asked hopefully.

"No," was the answer, and her heart sunk like lead within her. "No, I am a stranger—have lost my way; you must let me in."

"Cannot—cannot! I am a poor lone woman. I dare not let you in."

"You need have no fears.—As there is a God in heaven, I will not harm you. I am an escaped convict—an innocent one—and as you have mercy in your heart, open the door."

When was such an appeal made to an Irish heart in vain? An escaped convict, and wanting succor? That is a talisman to open every door—to have the last potatoe or bite of bread forced into the hungry mouth. Yes, it is truly the open sesame to an Irish heart, and it operated so in this case.

The woman arose, opened the door, gave the fugitive food, and having received his assurance that he would do her no harm, but on the contrary, protect her, and also seen him stretch himself upon the floor before the remnant of the peat fire, she again sought the side of her sleeping children.

But even then she was not allowed to rest. At first her fears kept her awake. Then came another loud knock for admission, and both she and her strange visitor arose.

"Is this part of your gang?" she asked in a trembling whisper.

"I call Heaven to witness that such is not the case," he answered solemnly. "Ask them what they want."

She did so and was told that she had money in the house, and they were determined to have it. "Tell them," whispered the stranger, "that it will be dangerous for them to enter."

"I have a friend here," she said, going close to the door, "a man who will protect me, and you had better not attempt to get in."

"I know better!" laughed a female voice—that of Bridget, the servant girl, "I know there is no one there except the children."

"What shall I—shall I do?" asked the poor woman, wringing her hands.

"Tell them," again said the stranger, "that I have pistols, and will shoot the first one that dares to step his foot inside the door.—God help me! I would not have blood upon my hands, but I promised to protect you with my life,

and I will. Warn them yet once more." "Bridget," shouted Mrs. O'Brien, "the friend I have here has pistols, and will certainly kill you. I warn you to go away."

Again the bold, bad laugh of the servant girl rang out, and her voice could be distinctly heard urging them on.

"It is only talking they are.—Devil a one is there in the cabin but the children. Break down the door and be done with it. I tell you there is more'n a hundred pounds hidden between the beds."

"Stand back," whispered the convict to the hostess. "Their blood be upon their own hands."

Scarcely had the words been uttered, before heavy blows fell upon the door, and made it tremble upon its hinges. The self-appointed protector stood a little to one side, calm and firm, in each hand he held a pistol, and his manner showed that he was no stranger to their use.

"Down with the door!" shouted Bridget, "or else stand aside and give me the ax."

A shower of heavy blows and it fell. The false servant entered, and dropped dead with a bullet buried in her brain. The foremost of the men met the same fate, the others fled. They had quite enough of bloodshed.

To leave the helpless woman thus was not to be thought of by the kind hearted stranger, and though prison and transportation stared him in the face, he comforted her as well as was possible, straightened the corpses, and then hastening to the nearest magistrate told the entire story, not even denying who and what he was.

The facts were too evident to even bear questioning, and as a reward for his bravery the convict was pardoned. He was subsequently found to have been convicted innocently, and when the father and husband returned, was readily persuaded to emigrate with the family to "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Now in one of the Western States, Terrence O'Brien has a house by the side of a beautiful river, and not far from it is another, where the once fugitive convict has a wife and children of his own to protect, and both families will give as an heirloom to their descendants the little but true story of how a pardon was won.

At Wall, Vt., recently a young spark named Gale "took a shine" to a Mrs. Leach, and she reciprocated the unholy passion. When Mr. Leach heard of this he coveted Gale's pretty, and less than fourteen year old, sister. A compromise was effected by which the four took a carriage for another town, where Gale married Mrs. Leach, while Leach was joined to Miss Gale. Result of this was an interference by officers of the law, when the young girl, in consideration of her age, was let go; but Leach and his Eve were bound over to appear on trial for polygamy, while Gale will be tried for adultery.

Says the Planters Banner, with a pungency which ought to be felt elsewhere as well as in St. Mary: "Some of the people of Franklin celebrated Christ's birthday, the 25th instant, by getting drunk, whooping, carousing, and playing the devil generally. Rather a ridiculous way of paying their respects to the memory of the Saviour. If they could find out when the Old Nick was born they would celebrate his birthday in the most approved style."

A negro woman in Columbus, Ga., was seen by another, a few days ago, to throw her baby into the river. The waves washed it ashore, and she caught it and was about to throw it in again, when the other woman came up and stopped her.

Temple of the Muses.

The Spiritual Railroad.

The road to Heaven by Christ was made, With heavenly truth the rails were laid, From Earth to Heaven, the line extends, To life eternal, where it ends.

We're traveling home, we're traveling home, We're traveling home to heaven above, We're traveling home to heaven above To sing a dying Saviour's love.

Repentance is the station line, Where passengers are taken in, No fee for them is there to pay, For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer, It points the way to heaven so clear, Through tunnels dark and dreary fear, It does the way to glory steer.

God's love's the fire, his truth's the steam, Which draws the engine and the train, All you who would to glory ride Must come to Christ, in Him abide.

Come, then, poor sinner, now's the time, At any station on the line, If you'll repent and turn from sin The train will stop and take you in.

Then when we've reached that happy land Then we will sing at God's right hand, And on that happy peaceful shore We'll run this earthly train no more.

Chicken Cholera.

Mr. J. E. Nicholson states in the Rural American that he recently caught a chicken that was sick, killed it and opened its craw and found therein a number of small worms like a caterpillar, about three-fourths of an inch in length, with a few hairs on them. He had noticed a great many of them crawling about on the premises, and supposed they had something to do with their sickness. He then caught some of the chickens that were unable to walk for a day or two, and no doubt would have died in a short time, and melted a little lard in a tea spoon, with the addition of a little ground black pepper, and gave it to them, which cured them in a short time. This remedy is at least worth a trial.

One of the city fathers of Milwaukee was made the recipient of a handsome testimonial to his worth the other evening. Answering a ring at his door, his wife discovered a half bushel basket on the steps. Taking it within the house and uncovering it, she found a handsome young baby several days old. Accompanying it was a note politely requesting its father to take good care of the little creature for its own sake.

At Meriden, Conn., on Tuesday of last week, a horse belonging to Mr. Leopold, frightened by a railroad train, and ran a quarter of a mile race with it. Reaching a crossing at the same time, the horse made a dash upon a platform car, and was carried some rods before he jumped off and resumed his own powers of locomotion, being considerably but not fatally injured.

TO CURE A FELON.—As soon as the parts begin to swell, get the tincture of lobelia, and wrap the part affected with a cloth saturated thoroughly with the tincture, and the felon is dead. An old physician says he has known it to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.

In Linn county, Missouri, two men had a fight the other day, on account of the incursions of a mule into the pasture owned by one of them. Phillip discharged his gun at Sibert, instantly killing him, and also killing his child in its mother's arms, and a cow belonging to Sibert.

The Nebraska papers express the belief that the bare ground and cold weather has damaged the eggs of grasshoppers to such an extent that the fears of the farmers and nurserymen that the destroyers will trouble them again next season are groundless.

Ten deaths to one birth is the ratio among the negroes of the Florida Islands.

A Hint to Tennessee.

Mr. H. C. Granger writes from Boston to the Nashville Banner that the immense oak forests on the slopes of the Cumberland Mountains, hitherto neglected as of little value, are likely to prove a very productive source of wealth to the State. He says:

Tennessee, of all States in the Union, is supposed to abound more largely in oak forests, the bark of which is supposed to be of better quality for the manufacture of leather than any found on this continent, if not in the world. A discovery has recently been made by which the astringent or tanning properties of oak bark can be compressed from the crude bark just as it is peeled, and without grinding or leaching, to an imperishable consistency ready for barrelling: forty gallons, at a density of ten pounds to the gallon, being the product of a single cord of prime chestnut oak bark. This extract is worth, in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, ten cents per pound, or one dollar per gallon, for home consumption or for shipment to Europe. A million barrels annually, will not supply the demand. A million cords of bark, with proper effort, could be annually collected in the State above named, which if manufactured into extract would return to those conducting the enterprise a net income of twenty-five million dollars annually.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser reports that negro laborers in that city are hiring themselves for fifty dollars, and even as low as twenty-five dollars for the year. These are able-bodied field hands. Boys who got five dollars per month last year, hire themselves for food and clothing. The Advertiser hears from the country that the best field hands are hiring in some sections for forty dollars per annum. A great many declined to hire until after the election.

An intelligent Gorilla introduced the following in the North Carolina Convention a few days since, and asked that it be referred to the Committee on Cities and Towns:

"Resolved, That all real estate shall be taxed in accordance to its value throughout the State, and that horses, mules, oxen, and other horned cattle, to be taxed for half their value, except stallions and jackasses, which shall be taxed at full value."

A gentleman of Nashua, N. H., received a letter a few days since from a man in a neighboring town with whom he had had a business transaction, explaining an error of two cents, and enclosed was the money to correct it. Beat the honesty of that man who can.

The North Bridgewater (Mass.) Gazette says in some of the schools in that town there is a falling off of one-third in the attendance from the lack of clothing. In many cases children are barefooted, and families are reduced to Indian meal as their only food.

At Orland, Maine, lives a family of four persons, viz: A miss in her teens, her mother, her mother's mother, and her mother's mother's mother. Thus there are three mothers and their three daughters, or three daughters and their three mothers, and only four persons in all.

A rich old lady died recently in Somersetshire, England, who for years could only sleep when riding in her carriage. Did she ever try a stupid preacher?

A very serious calamity threatens the Democratic party: Joe Brown, of Georgia, is trying to get back into it.

The Election in Alabama.

The following concerning the election at Mobile, clipped from the Register of Wednesday, is doubtless illustrative of similar scenes being enacted throughout the State:

The streets, despite the rain which fell throughout the day, were thronged by large crowds of strange negroes, evidently expressly imported for the occasion by the carpet-baggers. Many of them presented themselves at the polls, and their names not being on lists, they were not allowed to vote, but were directed to go off and get certificates, which they did, and in a short time they returned with them and were allowed to vote.

We have been reliably informed that in many instances the negroes from other counties were furnished with certificates without being required to make oath, and that in some cases the Judges of the Election filled out the certificates themselves. At the rate in which they are being furnished to the negroes it is feared that there will be a great scarcity of paper in Mobile after the election.

The Judges of the Election, in open defiance of law in the case, permitted these imported negroes from other counties to vote the whole ticket for the so-called officers for this county, when they are only supposed to be entitled to vote on the question of the so-called Constitution.

The challengers of the Democratic party were at first denied the right of challenging, guaranteed to every American citizen, and were even driven away from the polls.

The whites kept away from the polls and only a few carpet-baggers were to be seen, who, when they got an opportunity, voted for themselves.

The whites did well not to participate in such a burlesque on free institutions.

Four fair-sized families recently passed through Island Pond on their way from Canada to some of the New England manufacturing towns in search of employment. Besides the eight parents, there were fifty-six children—two families of sixteen each, and two of twelve each—in all sixty-four souls.

A lad of fifteen, at Nashua, Iowa, being annoyed by a strange cat, took a shot gun and went out to shoot it. He fired, the gun exploded, the breech-pin striking his face, making a horrid wound near the nose and battering his cheeks. He is in a fair way of recovery, and declares "he'll kill that cat yet."

The following stanza on the marriage of Reuben Wise with Matilda Cheever, is exceedingly well told and witty:

As she seized the proffered prize, (A happy one, believe us,) For Matrimony made her Wise—Before she was Miss Cheever.

A radical emissary in Lauderdale, Mississippi, called Rev. W. H. Johnson, ran off lately, stealing a wagon, team and some stock. He was pursued, and brought from Georgia chained to the wagon. He used to write articles for the East Mississippi Radical organ.

An Illinois negro ordered his wife to put crape on the door preparatory to beating her brains out with a chair, but she furnished the corpse by cutting the thread of sable eminence with her scissors.

Wooden legs cost the government last year \$35,206 50. Wooden heads cost the government much more than that.

The ultra fashionable women in Paris are wearing garters with diamond buckles. Wonder how the discovery was made!